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IN CHANCERY

The Real Estate Trust Company
of Philadelphia, Trustee,
v.
Dorset Mountain Marble Co.
and Others.

No. 2974, IN CHANCERY.

WHEREAS, Edward C. Bennett, was by said Court appointed Receiver in the above entitled cause, and as such Receiver has had charge of the real estate of said Dorset Mountain Marble Company in the State of Vermont, and certain bills and claims against said Receiver have already been filed with the Clerk of this Court, Bennington County, and said Receiver desires to pay all bills and claims and to receive compensation for services, including expenses and distribute the net funds in his hands proportionately among the bondholders, in order that he may close said receivership and be discharged, it is therefore,

ORDERED, that hearing on all of said matters, including determination of proportionate distribution of proceeds among the bondholders, be held on the 23rd day of November, 1915, at Montpelier, Vt., and that all persons having any claim or demands against said Receiver in any way growing out of or arising under said receivership, present them at said time and place for hearing thereof, and failing therein, be forever barred, and that all persons holding bonds of said Dorset Mountain Marble Company and claiming a share of the assets for distribution, shall deposit them with said Receiver on or before the 20th day of November, 1915, and failing therein, be forever barred.

J. J. Shakhshober, Clerk.

WET WASH LAUNDRY

WET WASH 50c

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HIS HOSPITAL VISIT

The Stranger Who Inspected the
Federal Quarters.

HE CHEERED A FEW PATIENTS

But the Secret of the Unknown Doctor's Influence Did Not Become Apparent Until the Next Day and After He Had Taken His Departure.

It was in the spring of 1862, when Stonewall Jackson, marching down the Shenandoah valley, had won a brilliant victory over General Banks, whom he drove north until the friendly Potomac interposed its screen and he found safety and care for his sick and wounded in the hospitals of Frederick.

A new nurse had been assigned to one of the hospitals the day before the battle—a Massachusetts woman named Charlotte McKay, widowed and made childless within a single year. The patients she had under her care were mostly Federals of course, but there was a good sprinkling of wounded Confederates who were prisoners of war.

One day, just after dinner time, the chief surgeon entered Mrs. McKay's ward, accompanied by a stranger. The man had the appearance of a student. His head was bent and his brows were drawn together, with two deep lines between them, as if he had spent long, thoughtful hours at his desk, and his eyes, the color of blue steel, swept the ward with a keen glance that seemed to take in everything. His grizzled beard showed that he was no longer young, but his step and bearing were elastic and vigorous.

"Dr. Janeway is from Louisiana," explained the chief as he introduced the stranger. "He had to abandon a large sugar plantation there when the war broke out because of his loyalty. He was a surgeon in the Crimean war and so is interested in seeing how we do things here."

The stranger chatted genially with the nurses and the surgeon, discussed their operating facilities, compared them with those of the Crimea, questioned them about the rationing of the prisoners and accepted a steaming cup of hot soup from the nurse.

The prisoners were watching and listening to all that passed, in strong contrast to the sullen indifference they had shown before. One young Virginian, tall and muscular, looked as if he were about to spring from his cot, as he saw the doctor's eyes. "That boy looks like he came from near my place," observed the southern Unionist. "May I speak to him?"

"Yes, doctor; you may talk to any of them."

With a curiously quick and noiseless step the visitor reached the bed and conversed for a moment in tones that were inaudible to all but the young soldier. He returned in a moment.

"I was mistaken. A chance resemblance deceived me. The man says he is 'hankering for a drink,' nurse. I told him I would ask you for it."

The wounded man drank the water, stretched out on his side and appeared to sleep, while the two surgeons went on to another ward and presently left the building. Mounting his horse, Dr. Janeway bade a cordial goodbye to the chief, bowed with deep respect to the two women and rode slowly out of the hospital grounds.

The prisoners were in better spirits the next morning. A laugh passed from time to time. It was almost as if some excellent joke unknown to their attendants had raised their courage.

"Did you know the gentleman who was here yesterday?" Mrs. McKay asked the boy soldier. The lad grinned up at her and replied:

"Yes, ma'am."

"You did? Who was he?"

"It was Stonewall Jackson, ma'am."

The nurse stared, then she said:

"You're making fun of me, Pryor. General Jackson here in the midst of our armies?"

"It wouldn't be the first time," retorted the boy, nettled by her disbelief. "More than once, when he hadn't just the scout he wanted at hand, he has gone on his own errands."

"But what if he should be recognized?"

"Who's to recognize him? None of your folks, for those who would know him are fighting, not nursing the sick. And none of ours, for they wouldn't tell if they saw him. Reason he spoke to me yesterday was 'cause I was showing too much interest. I'm one of his 'foot cavalry,' ma'am. He wanted to know just how we were being treated, and so he came to see."

"We try to do the best we can for you, Pryor."

"Yes, ma'am. I told him so. We've been treated a heap better than we expected to be. But it's tough to be a prisoner, you know. And that was Stonewall Jackson."—Youth's Companion.

Nothing Gravis.

"You can't get something for nothing in this life."

"That's right," replied the gloomy citizen. "If I want even a few kind words about my disposition and some hope of future success I've got to go to a fortune teller and pay for them."

Washington Star.

Plenty on Hand.

"Have you ever wondered about your husband's past?"

"Dear me, no. I have all I can do in taking care of his present and worrying about his future."—Boston Herald.

The greatest trust between man and man is the trust of giving counsel.—Bacon.

THE EVENING BANNER

BENNINGTON - VERMONT

Monday, November 15, 1915.

BENNINGTON BRIEFS

News of the Town and Village Told Briefly for Busy Readers

Miss Catherine Barratt is the guest of Mrs. N. J. Walsh in North Adams.

Top notch rubbers have heels that stand the grind. Hart's. Adv.

Albert Schwartz of Main street is taking his annual vacation this week in Stratton deer hunting.

Ann Murdock and an all-star cast in "A Royal Family"—Harte Theatre today. Adv.

Miss Bernice Haussler and Miss Lorraine Wattles have returned after visiting friends in North Adams.

John Shaw, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Griswold, has returned to his home in Middlebury.

Mrs. Burt Wilson, formerly of School street is moving today to the tenement over Eddington's market on Main street.

The ladies of the Union and Main streets circle of the First Baptist church will hold a food sale Saturday, Nov. 20th at 2 o'clock. Adv.

The regular V. L. S. E. feature will be shown at the opera house Wednesday instead of Tuesday owing to the Masonic Minstrels. Adv.

There is a strong love story woven into the action of the great V. L. S. E. feature "The Circular Staircase", opera house, Wednesday. Adv.

"The Circular Staircase" a V. L. S. E. play in five thrilling parts filmed from the adventure story written by Mary Roberts Rinehart, opera house, Wednesday. Adv.

James Martin of Pittsfield, a former resident, arrived in town Saturday and took out a non-resident license for the deer season. He left for the woods this morning.

The Harte theatre went on record Saturday evening of handling the largest crowd in the history of the theatre, the number even exceeding the audience of its opening night.

Miss Agnes Carr of Hoosick Falls, who attended the Sunday afternoon services of the Daughters of Isabella, was entertained Sunday evening by Miss Josephine Grennan of Spring street.

Notice is hereby given to members of the Tuesday night Recreation Dancing class that the class will meet on Wednesday night instead of Tuesday night this week, because of the Masonic Minstrels.

William Cone, Roger Burt, Eugene Burt and Edward Healy enjoyed an automobile trip through Massachusetts over the Mohawk trail Sunday, returning by way of Brattleboro and Wilmington.

The girls' gymnasium class, which started last Thursday night, will be held regularly on Monday nights at 7:30, starting tonight. Several basketball teams are being formed to enter the Inter-Community basketball league. Join before it is too late.

Bennington Grange will hold a regular meeting on Wednesday evening to be followed by a program arranged by the lecturer. The annual election of officers will take place at the first December meeting.

Mrs. Jennie E. Holden will entertain the Ladies' Missionary society of the Second Congregational church Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Reports will be given of the recent meeting of the Woman's Board. All the ladies of the church are invited.

The Y. M. C. A. held an "open house" Saturday night. About a hundred young men and young women were present. All enjoyed the games until nine o'clock, when a young man from Williams college entertained with slight of hand in the gymnasium. This was followed by brief addresses by Williams College boys and Willard W. Bartlett, Secretary of the County Improvement Association, in which the organization of a training class was launched. The Ladies' Auxiliary were on hand with a remedy for the thirsty ones.

A warm and steady drizzle ushered in the deer-hunting season in southern Vermont this morning, a circumstance which has not existed in southern Vermont so late in November for a number of years. Despite the pouring rain the local hunters started for the woods, believing that before the week is over the rain will have turned to snow. Sales of ammunition were heavy with the local sporting goods stores and it was estimated that over 200 licenses would be taken out before the day was over. Six non-resident licenses were made out.

Over 50 local owners of Ford cars who keep their machines during the summer at the local garages, have begun the storage of their cars for the winter this week. Several of the garages have taken extra space in adjacent buildings, the leases on which began for the season this morning. In most of the garages the cars are raised on wooden blocks to keep the tires from contact with the floor during frosty weather, covered with sheeting and the tires re-inflated once or twice during the winter months. Most of the cars are for storage until April 1st.

OUR FLYING WORLD

Its Awful Velocity In Its Spiral Whirl Through Space.

THE RESULT IF IT STOPPED.

Were Its Motion Suddenly Arrested the Earth Would Be Vaporized by the Heat Generated and a New Nebula Would Blaze in the Heavens.

The direction and speed of the earth's flight are the resultants of two motions with which it is endowed—the one around the sun, the other with the sun straight away through space. The combination of these simultaneous motions causes the earth to travel in a spiral path whose axis is directed nearly toward the bright star Vega, the most beautiful in the northern sky.

In its orbit, or annual path around the sun, the earth's mean speed is eighteen and one-half miles per second, while its speed of transition toward Vega, which it shares with the sun, is about twelve miles per second. We may call the resultant or combined speed of the earth in its actual spiral trajectory twenty-two miles per second.

This means that if you could stand beside it and see the earth rush by its whole enormous globe, 8,000 miles in diameter, would pass your eye in about six minutes. It means that in one day and night (twenty-four hours) the earth travels 1,900,800 miles!

Compared with the velocity of projectiles, the speed of the earth's flight is so great that the swiftest of them would seem to stand still. A rifle bullet may go, say, one-third of a mile per second in the first moments of its flight—that is, sixty times slower than the earth, which never stops or slows up.

The fulfurling velocity of some projectiles may be half a mile per second, or forty-four times slower than the earth. If a cannon could be planted out in space and fired at the earth from a distance equal to one-quarter of the earth's diameter (which would be like a hunter firing his rifle about eighteen inches from a deer's side) and if the shot were aimed at the front edge of the flying earth (imagining the latter flat like a disk) and fired with an undiminished velocity of half a mile per second it would not only miss its mark, but the whole breadth of the earth would have passed by before the ball had traversed one-tenth of the original distance separating the cannon from the earth.

The motion of the earth becomes possibly even more impressive when we consider the awful energy that it produces. Kinetic energy, or the capacity to do work, such as striking a blow, is measured by multiplying the mass of the moving body by the square of its velocity and dividing the product by 2.

In order to get the result in foot pounds we reckon the mass in pounds and divide again by 32 or by 64 in all.

The reason for dividing by 32 (more exactly 32.18) is that that number is the unit in feet per second of the earth's gravitation, or the acceleration of gravity.

Calculated in this way, the kinetic energy of the earth comes out at more than ninety septillion foot pounds! Figured in another way, the energy in the flying earth is equivalent to nearly three sextillions of horsepower, the horsepower being the measure of the work done by 33,000 foot pounds of energy developed in one minute.

That is to say, if the earth could be brought to rest in one minute and all its energy turned into driving machinery it would develop nearly three sextillions of horsepower. But if it were brought to rest in one second it would develop sixty times more horsepower!

Then we may consider the thermal effects of the earth's kinetic energy if by instantaneous arrest of the motion it were turned into heat. There would be a sudden development of so tremendous a temperature that the earth might be vaporized. Puff! And some astronomer on some distant planet, aiming his telescope through the cool evening air, would catch sight of a little new nebula, twinkling like a thistle down blown into the sky of space.

Thereafter the dissipated earth would appear in a catalogue on that faroff world under the name of "Jones Nebula," and nobody, casually glancing at it from an observatory and unsuspectingly noting its extreme exiguity, would ever think of the heart-breaking history that had been rehearsed in that speck of cosmic vapor.—Garrett P. Serviss in New York Journal.

A Fool's Paradise.

The expression "A fool's paradise" meant originally in Christian mythology a region "near the abode of the blessed," but not a part of it, a sort of borderland, "where dwell the painless and the blameless dead." Today it is used to denote the mental condition of those who by their vain hopes are "fooling" themselves.—New York American.

Ripening Fruits.

Fruits undergo marked changes in chemical composition as they grow to their full size and ripen. In some fruits ripening increases the sugar content and decreases the acid, whereas in some others both sugar and acid content decrease in the ripening process.

Unforeseen.

"Didn't you guarantee that mattress for six months?"

"Yes, sir, but you didn't tell me it was for a boy's boarding school!"—New York Times.

A good fellow makes a good outflow; he who takes in much can and must give much.—Stark.

EXPANDING THE CHEST.

Proper Attitude to Assume During Breathing Exercises.

It has been the popular belief that when exercising certain arm movements during inspiration, such as holding the arms up, expand the chest and enable it to take in more air. According to Dr. James Frederick Rogers in an article in the Medical Journal, this is not the proper thing to do. He tested fifty persons of both sexes, ranging from sixteen to forty years of age, measuring carefully the quantity of air inspired when elevating the arms, as usually taught, and when standing still with the arms hanging loose. He found that in no single case did the arm movements increase the quantity of air inspired, but in many they actually decreased it. He also found that standing naturally is more conducive to deep breathing than lying flat or hanging by the hands.

"The raising of the arms," he writes, "does apparently increase the measurements of the upper parts of the chest, but the increase is due to the change in the position of the muscles in this region and to their contraction of stretching, which causes them to stand out from the thorax. For the muscles which lift the arms forward or side-ward or upward have nothing to do with the lifting of the ribs, and consequently no special effect upon the depth of inspiration."

"With very deep inspiration there is a drawing backward of the head and a straightening of the thoracic spine. In other words, the assuming of a very erect posture and, if any exercises are to be carried out as aids to deep intake of air, it seems that the drawing backward of the chin and the assumption of the most erect standing or sitting posture would be most useful as an aid or accompaniment of deep breathing."

HE GUESSED RIGHT.

Now See if You Can Tell Which Fair One He Selected.

A certain Turk, according to the story, was once married to a veiled lady in white in the presence of the sultan. As soon as the ceremony was concluded the bride mysteriously disappeared.

The groom was led into an adjoining room, where stood twelve ladies all dressed in white, but without veils. "Choose from the twelve," exclaimed the sovereign, "her that is your bride." As the man had never seen her face the command bewildered him.

"If you make a mistake," added his majesty, "your life shall pay the forfeit."

The poor man walked up and down the row of beauties, but saw nothing whatever to aid his choice.

"You have only a minute left," yelled the sultan in anger. "Choose at once!"

Ten of the ladies, the man noticed, gave him nothing else than a stony stare. One of the remaining two frowned, the other smiled. "The frowning one," he thought, "is my bride, for she expresses her displeasure and impatience at my ignorance."

"No," he said to himself, "it must be the smiling one, for she desires to invite me to her."

After debating the subject in his mind until his time was up he boldly made a selection from the two. He was successful. He had regained his bride. Which was she—the one who frowned or the one who smiled?

Machine Guns.

Machine guns are really rifles with a mechanical foot, which supplies them rapidly with cartridges. In all modern patterns they are automatic in action. The gas produced by the explosion or shock of the recoil opens the breech, ejects the spent cartridge, loads the rifle, closes the breech and fires the charge. These complicated operations are carried out with extraordinary speed. To give an example: The Maxim can fire at least 450 rounds a minute, or more than seven shots per second, and if in exceptionally good order and cleverly operated can discharge 600 rounds a minute.—London Tit-Bits.

The River Tigris.

The river Tigris appears in the book of Genesis as Hiddekel, one of the four "heads" into which the river of Eden was parted. The name by which we know it does not exactly "mean" tiger, for the correct way of putting it is that both "Tiger" and "Tigris" mean in Persian swift as an arrow. "Euphrates" is a Greek version of the Persian Hurrit, which signifies "the good sounding" and represents the old Asiatic Bur or Burnt, akin to our verb "pour."

Long Lived Tennysons.

The Tennyson family was noted for its longevity. Miss Matilda Tennyson died in her ninety-ninth year; Charles was seventy-one at the time of his death; Mary, seventy-four; Emilia, seventy-eight; Alfred, poet laureate, eighty-three; Frederick, ninety-one; Arthur, eighty-five; Horatio, eighty, and Cecilia, ninety-two.

All Wrongs.

The popular actor had become a soldier. In a hotly contested skirmish he distinguished himself by his courage and gallantry.

"Well, well," said he at the end of the action, "what do you think of that? Not a soul's applauding!"—New York Post.

Head For Business.

"Has your boy Josh a head for business?"

"Yep," replied Farmer Cortnosel. "He's always talkin' about makin' money. I kind o' wish his hands was as good for work as his head is for business."—Washington Star.

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